

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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### Review of New Books.

*The Natural History of Ants.* By M. P. Huber, Member of the Physical and Natural Society of Geneva, &c. Translated from the French, with additional Notes. By J. R. Johnson, M. D., F. R. S., &c. 12mo. pp. 398. London, 1820.

EVER since the Ant was held out in the sacred writings as a model of industry worthy of human imitation, no insect has, perhaps, excited more general attention; and there is none on which more erroneous opinions have been formed, from the fabulous recitals of Pliny and Aristotle, down to the present day. The naturalists of the last century attended to their transformations, discovered the sexes, and cleared up many essential points of their history. Learned anatomists also described their organs, classed the different kinds of ants, and pointed out their generic characters. But it was left to M. Latreille, and subsequently to M. Huber, to make us acquainted with their domestic habits, their migrations and excursions, their individual conduct and their general battles.

In our notice of this curious work, which has received some valuable additions in passing through the hands of the translator, we shall not enter into an entomological account of the different species, but give some of their general characteristics. Mr. Huber has divided his work into chapters, in which he treats successively of the architecture of the ants,—of their eggs, larvæ, fecundation,—their wars, &c.

The habitations of ants are sometimes fabricated with earth, sometimes hewn out in the trunk of the most solid trees, or simply composed of leaves and stalks of plants, collected from all quarters. They are of an astonishing size when compared with these diminutive architects. In speaking of the nests of the Mason Ants, Mr. Huber says,—

'This ant, one of the most industrious of its tribe, forms its nest of stories, four or five lines in height. The partitions are not more than half a line in thickness, and the substance of which they are composed is so finely grained, that the inner walls present one smooth unbroken surface. These stories are not horizontal; they follow the slope of the ant-hill, and lie one upon the other to the ground-floor, which communicates with the subterranean lodges. They are not always, however, arranged with the same regularity, for these ants do not follow an invariable plan; it appears, on the contrary, that nature has allowed them a certain latitude in this respect, and that they can, according to circumstances, modify them to their wish; but, however fantastical their habitations may appear, we always observe they have been formed by concentric stories. On examining each story separately, we observe a number of cavities or halls, lodges of narrower dimensions, and long galleries, which serve for general communication. The arched ceilings covering the most spacious places, are supported, either by little columns, slender walls,

or by regular buttresses. We also notice chambers that have but one entrance, communicating with the lower story, and large open spaces, serving as a kind of *carrefour*, or cross-road, in which all the streets terminate. Such is the manner in which the habitations of these ants are constructed. Upon opening them, we commonly find the apartments, as well as the large open spaces, filled with adult ants, and always observe their pupæ collected in the apartments, more or less near the surface. This, however, seems regulated by the hour of the day, and the temperature; for in this respect these ants are endowed with great sensibility, and know the degree of heat best adapted for their young. The ant-hill contains sometimes more than twenty stories in its upper portion, and at least as many under the surface of the ground. By this arrangement the ants are enabled, with the greatest facility, to regulate the heat. When a too burning sun overheats their upper apartments, they withdraw with their little ones to the bottom of the ant-hill. The ground-floor becoming, in its turn, uninhabitable, during the rainy season, the ants of this species transport what most interests them to the higher stories, and it is there we find them more usually assembled with their pupæ and eggs, when the subterranean apartments are submerged.'

'As soon as the rain commenced, they left, in great numbers, their subterranean residence, re-entered it almost immediately, and then returned, bearing between their teeth pellets of earth, which they deposited on the roof of their nest. I could not, at first, conceive, what this was meant for, but, at length, I saw little walls start up on all sides, with spaces left between them. In several places, columns, ranged at regular distances, announced halls, lodges, and passages, which the ants proposed establishing; in one word, it was the *ébauche* of a new story.

'I watched, with a considerable degree of interest, the most trifling movements of my masons, and found they did not work after the manner of wasps and humble-bees, when occupied in constructing a covering to their nest. The latter sit as it were astride (*se mettent pour ainsi dire à cheval*) the border or margin of this covering, and take it between their teeth to model and attenuate it according to their wish. The wax of which it is composed, and the *papier* which the wasp employs, moistened by some kind of glue, are admirably adapted for this purpose; but the earth, (often possessing but little tenacity,) of which the ants make use, must be worked up after some other manner.

'Each ant then carried between its teeth the pellet of earth it had formed, by scraping with the end of its mandibles, the bottom of its abode, which I have often witnessed in open day. This little mass of earth, being composed of particles but just united, could be readily moulded as the ants wished; thus, when they had applied it to the spot where it was to rest, they divided, and pressed against it with their teeth, so as to fill up the little inequalities of their wall. The antennæ followed all their movements, passing over each particle of earth as soon as it was placed in its proper position. The whole was then rendered more compact, by pressing it lightly with the fore-feet. This work went on remarkably quick. After having traced out the plan of their masonry, in laying here and there foundations for the pillars and the partitions they were about to erect, they gave them more relief by adding



fresh materials. It often happened that two little walls, which were to form a gallery, were raised opposite, and at a slight distance from each other. When they had attained the height of four or five lines, the ants busied themselves in covering in the space left between them by a vaulted ceiling.

'Quitting then their labours in the upper part of the building, as if they judged all their partitions of sufficient elevation, they affixed to the interior and upper part of each wall, fragments of moistened earth, in an almost horizontal direction, and in such a way, as to form a ledge, which, by extension, would be made to join that coming from the opposite wall. These ledges were about half a line in thickness; and the breadth of the galleries was, for the most part, about a quarter of an inch. Here several vertical partitions were seen to form the scaffolding of a lodge, which communicated with several corridors, by apertures formed in the masonry; there, a regularly formed hall, the vaulted ceiling of which was sustained by numerous pillars; further off might be recognised the rudiments of one of those *carrefours* of which we have before spoken, and in which several avenues terminate. These parts of the ant-hill were the most spacious; the ants, however, did not appear embarrassed in constructing the ceiling to cover them in, although they were often more than two inches in breadth.

'In the upper part of the angles formed by the different walls, they laid the first foundations of this ceiling, and from the top of each pillar, as from so many *centres*, a layer of earth, horizontal and slightly convex, was carried forward to meet the several portions coming from different points of the large public thoroughfare.

'This busy crowd of masons, arriving from all parts with the piece of mortar they wish to add to the building, the order they observe in their operations, the harmony which prevails, and eagerness with which they avail themselves of the rain to increase the height of their abode, present to the contemplative observer a scene of considerable interest.'

'The ants, not content with giving additional elevation to their abode, hollow out in the earth, apartments still more spacious; the materials thus obtained, are, as before stated, employed in the exterior construction. The art of these insects, therefore, consists in their executing, at the same time, two contrary operations, the one of mining, the other of building, making the former subservient to the latter; and what is still as singular, the same talent is manifested in these excavations, as in that portion of the building above ground. The humidity which penetrates to the bottom of their nest, is doubtless of great assistance to them in these labours.'

The translator adds so curious a note to this part of the work, describing the Termites, or White Ants of Africa, that we cannot dismiss the subject of their architecture without inserting it:—

'It may not be uninteresting after this account of the labours of the Mason-Ants, to give a sketch of the manner in which the Termites, or what have been termed by travellers, White Ants, so abundant in Africa, construct their dwelling. Compared with the Architects, their habitations are of an astonishing magnitude; they frequently exceed twelve feet in height, and are so firmly cemented as to bear the pressure of several men at the same time. It often happens that, whilst a herd of wild cattle are quietly grazing below, one of their body is stationed on them as sentinel, to give timely notice of approaching danger. The Termites begin constructing their habitations, by raising, at little distances from each other, several turrets of compact clay in the shape of sugar-loaves: upon these they erect others; those in the centre run to the greatest height; they afterwards cover in the spaces between them, and then take down the sides of all the inner turrets, leaving only the upper portion to form the cupola or dome, making use of the clay they thus procure, in the formation of the several chambers intended for magazines, nurseries, &c. The nurseries are entirely composed of wooden materials, enclosed in chambers of clay, usually half an inch in width,

ranged around, and as close as possible to the royal apartment. The royal chamber, which with the rest, are arched over, occupies, as nearly as possible, the centre of the building, and is on a level with the surface of the ground; it is at first only an inch in length, but increases in size with that of the Queen, until it extends to six or more inches. In this chamber the King and Queen are retained close captives; it is impossible they can ever quit it; the entrance only allowing of the passing and repassing of the soldiers and labourers (the Queen, in the last stage of her pregnancy, is 1000 times the weight of the King, and equal in bulk to about 20,000 labourers, although, on her first appearance as a winged insect, she equalled only in bulk about thirty labourers,—her abdomen increases from half an inch to three inches in length, and she lays, according to Smeathman, as many as 80,000 eggs in the course of twenty-four hours: hence the necessity for the numerous attendants by whom she is continually surrounded.) In an ant-hill of such extensive size, and where there is such an infinity of chambers to accommodate its numerous inhabitants, there must be of necessity a vast number of subterraneous and winding passages. These passages, which conduct to the upper parts of the dome, are carried in a spiral manner round the building, for the labourers find it extremely difficult to ascend in a less circuitous direction. Very frequently, however, to shorten the distance to the upper nurseries, where they have to take the eggs, they project an arch of about ten inches in length, and half an inch in breadth, grooved or worked into steps, on its upper surface, to allow of a more easy passage. When these insects quit their nest on any expedition, they construct covered galleries of clay which sometimes run to a considerable distance, and under this they continue their extensive and highly dreaded depredations.'

Of the architectural skill of the ash-coloured ants, the author gives a remarkable instance. He says—

'Those ants who lay the foundation of a wall, a chamber, or gallery, from working separately, occasion now and then a want of coincidence in the parts of the same or different objects. Such examples are of no unfrequent occurrence, but they by no means embarrass them. What follows proves that the workman, on discovering his error, knew how to rectify it.

'A wall had been erected with the view of sustaining a vaulted ceiling, still incomplete, that had been projected from the wall of the opposite chamber. The workman who began constructing it, had given it too little elevation to meet the opposite partition upon which it was to rest. Had it been continued on the original plan, it must infallibly have met the wall at about one-half of its height, and this it was necessary to avoid. This state of things very forcibly claimed my attention; when one of the ants, arriving at the place, and visiting the works, appeared to be struck by the difficulty which presented itself; but this it as soon obviated, by taking down the ceiling and raising the wall upon which it reposed. It then, in my presence, constructed a new ceiling with the fragments of the former one.'

By means of a glazed apparatus, Mr. Huber was enabled to see the interior of the ant-hill, and to trace the history of the egg. In one part of the nest the pupæ are heaped up, by hundreds, in their spacious lodges; in other parts the larvæ are collected together, and guarded by workers; and, in a third place, there is an assemblage of eggs, some of the workers being occupied in following the females who lay their eggs as they walk: on the workers devolves the entire care; when the sun shines they take the larvæ and pupæ to the top of the ant-hill.

'The insect, in the state of pupa, has acquired the figure it will always preserve; nothing seems wanting but strength and a little more consistence: it is also as large as it will ever be; all its members are distinct, one single pellicle envelopes them. The ant, under this form, continues to move for some



moments after its quitting the state of larva, but it soon becomes immoveable: it afterwards changes gradually in colour, passing from a fine white to a pale yellow; then becoming red, and in several species, brown, almost verging to black. The rudiments of wings may at this time be seen in those which are destined to fly. The pupæ have still many attentions to receive from the workers; the greater part are enclosed in a tissue spun by themselves before their metamorphosis; but they cannot, like other insects, liberate themselves from this covering by effecting an opening in it with their teeth. They have scarcely the power of moving; their covering is of too compact a texture, and formed of too strong a silk, to allow of their tearing it without the assistance of the workers. But how do these indefatigable attendants ascertain the proper moment for this process?—If they possessed the faculty of hearing, we might imagine they knew the fit time, from some noise produced in the interior of the prison by the insects whose development has commenced; but there is no indication favouring this opinion; it is probable they have a knowledge of it from some slight movements that take place within, which they ascertain through the medium of their antennæ; for these organs are endowed with a sensibility, of which it would be difficult to form a just idea: whatever it be, they are never deceived.

Let us still follow them in that labour, wherein are displayed, as it regards their charge, a zeal and an attachment which would justly merit our attention, even were they the real parents of these insects; how much greater then must be our astonishment, when we consider that they bear no further relation to them, than that of being born under the same roof. Several males and females lay in their enveloping membrane in one of the largest cavities of my glazed ant-hill. The labourers, assembled together, appeared to be in continual motion around them. I noticed three or four mounted upon one of these cocoons, endeavouring to open it with their teeth at that extremity answering to the head of the pupa; they began thinning it, by tearing away some threads of silk where they wished to pierce it; and at length, by dint of pinching and biting this tissue, so extremely difficult to break, they formed in it a vast number of apertures. They afterwards attempted to enlarge these openings, by tearing or drawing away the silk; but these efforts proving ineffectual, they passed one of their teeth into the cocoon, through the apertures they had formed, and by cutting each thread, one after the other, with great patience, at length effected a passage, of a line in diameter, in the superior part of the web. They now uncovered the head and feet of the insect to which they were desirous of giving liberty, but before they could release it, it was absolutely necessary to enlarge the opening; for this purpose, these guardians cut out a portion in the longitudinal direction of the cocoon, with their teeth alone, employing these instruments as we are in the habit of employing a pair of scissors. A considerable degree of agitation prevailed in this part of the ant-hill; a number of ants were occupied in disengaging the winged individual of its envelope: they took repose and relieved each other by turns, evincing great eagerness in seconding their companions in this undertaking. To effect its speedy liberation, some raised up the portion or bandalette cut out in the length of the cocoon; whilst others drew it gently from its imprisonment. When the ant was extricated from its enveloping membrane, it was not, like other insects, capable of enjoying its freedom, and taking flight: nature did not will it that it should so soon be independent of the labourers. It could neither fly, nor walk, nor without difficulty stand; for the body was still confined by another membrane, from which it could not, by its own exertions, disengage itself.

In this fresh embarrassment, the labourers did not forsake it; they removed the satin-like pellicle which embraced every part of the body, drew the antennæ gently from their investment, then disengaged the feet and the wings, and lastly, the body, the abdomen, and its peduncle. The insect was now in a condition to walk and receive nourishment, for

which it appeared there was urgent need. The first attention, therefore, paid it by the guardians, was that of giving it the food I had placed within their reach.

The ants in every part of the ant-hill were occupied in giving liberty to the males, females, and young labourers, that were still enveloped. On being dispossessed of their coverings, the remnants were collected and placed aside in one of the most distant lodges of their habitation; for these insects observe the greatest order and regularity. Some species of ants remove these shreds to a distance from the ant-hill, others cover the exterior surface of their nest with them, or collect them in particular apartments.

The labourers we have seen in charge of the larvæ and pupæ evince the same solicitude for the ants, freshly transformed: they lie for some days under the necessity of watching and following them; they accompany them in their excursions, point out to them the paths and labyrinths of their habitation, and nourish them with the greatest care; they also perform the difficult task of extending the wings of the males and females, which would otherwise remain folded up, and acquit themselves with such address, as not to injure these frail and delicate members.

At one time, they bring together, in the same apartments, the males they find rambling; at another time, act as guides in conducting them from the ant-hill. In short, the labourers appear to have the complete direction of their conduct, as long as they remain there, and neglect not to discharge the several duties, connected with these insects (whose strength is not yet developed) until the period of their taking flight for the purpose of continuing their kind.

The female ant, after impregnation, deprives herself of her wings; but this, our author says, is not the case with those who have not received the addresses of the male:—

The females that become prisoners from the moment of their fecundation, and are conducted into the interior of the nest, commence by being entirely dependent upon the workers. The latter, hanging to each of their legs, guard them with assiduity, and never permit them to go out. They nourish them with the greatest care, and conduct them into quarters whose temperature appears the best adapted to them; but they do not abandon them an instant. Each of these females loses, by degrees, the desire of quitting her abode. Her abdomen increases in size: at this period, she no longer experiences constraint. She has still a constant guard; a single ant accompanies her every where, and provides for her necessities. The greater part of the time the worker rests upon its abdomen, with its posterior legs stretched out upon the ground. It appears to be a sentinel stationed to survey the female's actions, and to seize the first moment when she begins to lay, to carry off the eggs. It is not always the same ant which follows her; this is relieved by others, who succeed it without interruption; but when the maternity of the female is well known, they commence by rendering her that homage which the bees evince for their queen. A court of from ten to fifteen ants continually follow her; she is unceasingly the object of their cares and caresses; all are eager to collect around her, offer her nourishment, and conduct her in their mandibles, through difficult and ascending passages. They also lead her through all the different quarters of the ant-hill. The eggs, taken up by the labourers, at the instant of their being laid, are collected around her. When she seeks repose, a group of ants environ her. Several females live in the same nest; they show no rivalry; each has her court; they pass each other uninjured, and sustain, in common, the population of the ant-hill; but they possess no power; which, it would seem, entirely lodges with the neuters. However, as they receive the same honours as queen bees, I shall sometimes give them the titles of queens.

To give a better idea of that species of interest which the females excite in the labourers, and the attention the latter bestow upon them, I shall enter into some details which will sufficiently prove their instinct.



'Stopping, one day, near one of those bands of ants, who were advancing in file, I saw a female carried by a labourer, hanging to, and suspended by its mandibles; their teeth were crossed, and the body of the female was rolled up, like the trunk of a butterfly. It seems a matter of astonishment that a labourer should carry a female; but the latter possesses the art of rolling herself up into so small a compass, as not to restrain the movements of the former. We are fully aware that the strength of ants is not proportioned to their diminutiveness. I seized the female and its companion, and found them to be of the species of Fallow Ants. Having placed them immediately in liberty, in the midst of their companions, several surrounded the female, and caressed her with their antennæ. At length one of the labourers, after giving her several gentle blows with the antennæ over the head, took her up gently by its mandibles, when she laid hold of them, and rolled herself into a ball, under the corslet of the worker, who commenced his route, charged with his heavy burthen, proceeding at a quick pace, followed by the other ants, who came, from time to time, to touch the object of their solicitude. When the bearer was fatigued, it turned round; the female then unrolled her body, and, in place of being carried, was dragged along by the worker, who moved in a retrograde direction, with very little effort. Sometimes the queen stopped, for the purpose of changing her conductor: all her court then surrounded and offered her every mark of attention. In witnessing this scene, I was brought to the entrance of the ant-hill, where I lost sight of the female and her retinue.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

*A History of England, containing the Reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.* By the Rev. John Lingard.

(Concluded from p. 697.)

IN resuming our extracts from Mr. Lingard's History, we shall not dwell on the odious reign of Henry VIII. any longer than to quote the author's just delineation of his character. He says,—

'To form a just estimate of the character of Henry, we must distinguish between the young King, guided by the counsels of Wolsey, and the monarch of more mature age, governing by his own judgment, and with the aid of ministers selected and fashioned by himself. In his youth, the beauty of his person, the elegance of his manners, and his adroitness in every martial and fashionable exercise, were calculated to attract the admiration of his subjects. His court was gay and splendid; a succession of amusements seemed to absorb his attention; yet his pleasures were not permitted to encroach on his more important duties; he assisted at the council, perused the despatches, and corresponded with the generals and ambassadors; nor did the minister, trusted and powerful as he was, dare to act, till he had asked the opinion, and taken the pleasure of his sovereign. His natural abilities had been improved by study; and his esteem for literature may be inferred from the learned education which he gave to his children, and from the number of eminent scholars to whom he granted pensions in foreign states, or on whom he conferred promotion in his own. The immense treasure which he inherited from his father, was perhaps a misfortune; because it engendered habits of expense not to be supported from the ordinary revenue of the crown; and the soundness of his politics may be doubted, which, under the pretence of supporting the balance of power, repeatedly involved the nation in continental hostilities. Yet even these errors served to throw a lustre round the English throne, and raised its possessor in the eyes of his own subjects and of the different nations of Europe. But as the King advanced in age, his vices gradually developed themselves: after the death of Wolsey they were indulged without restraint. He became as rapacious as he was prodigal; as obstinate as he was capricious; as fickle in his friend-

ship, as he was merciless in his resentments. Though liberal of his confidence, he soon grew suspicious of those whom he had ever trusted; and, as if he possessed no other right to the crown than that which he derived from the very questionable claim of his father, he viewed with an evil eye every remote descendant of the Plantagenets; and eagerly embraced the slightest pretences to remove those whom his jealousy represented as future rivals to himself or his posterity. In pride and vanity he was perhaps, without a parallel. Inflated with the praises of interested admirers, he despised the judgment of others; acted as if he deemed himself infallible in matters of policy and religion; and seemed to look upon dissent from his opinion as equivalent to a breach of allegiance. In his estimation, to submit and to obey, were the great, the paramount duties of subjects; and this persuasion steeled his breast against remorse for the blood which he shed, and led him to trample without scruple on the liberties of the nation.'

Although the reign of the boy-king formed a striking contrast with that of his father, and many of his obnoxious laws were repealed, yet a new one, for the suppression of mendicity, will show what a small share humanity had in the legislation of that period:—

'The mendicants, who had formerly obtained relief at the gates of the monasteries and convents, now wandered in crowds through the country, and by their numbers and importunities, often extorted alms from the intimidated passenger. To abate this nuisance, a statute was enacted, which will call to the recollection of the reader the barbarous manners of our pagan forefathers. Whoever "lived idly and loiteringly, for the space of three days," came under the description of a vagabond, and was liable to the following punishment. Two justices of the peace might order the letter V to be burnt on his breast, and adjudge him to serve the informer two years as his slave. His master was bound to provide him with bread, water, and refuse meat; might fix an iron ring round his neck, arm, or leg, and was authorized to compel him to "labour at any work, however vile it might be, by beating, chaining, or otherwise." If the slave absented himself a fortnight, the letter S was burnt on his cheek or forehead, and he became a slave for life; and if he offended a second time in the like manner, his flight subjected him to the penalties of felony. In two years time this severe statute was repealed. The session closed with a general pardon from the King. In consequence, Gardiner obtained his liberty.'

Similar penalties were enacted against clerks convicted, that is, convicts claiming the right of clergy, who were no longer to make their purgation. Hence it has been erroneously inferred, that the severity of the statute was chiefly directed against some of the monks, who are supposed to have become beggars, and to have railed against the government. The young King, in his journal, calls this 'an extreme law,' since the statute of his father, which was revived, was clemency compared to it. The statute of Henry allowed persons to beg with the license of the magistrates, and punished beggars without license, by whipping, or the stocks for three days and three nights.

Every one in the least conversant with the history of his country, will not fail to observe, that a stranger thinks an Englishman happier than he thinks himself, and that in almost every period of history there have been discontents and complaints of the badness of the times, as contrasted with some former period. But it is still more remarkable that these complaints, with very little variation, have been the same for several centuries. The following extract is one among a thousand instances which might be adduced to prove the truth of this observation:—

'The depreciation of the currency during the late reign,



had been followed by its necessary consequence, a proportionate advance in the price of saleable commodities. The value of land rose with the value of its produce; and the rents of farms had been doubled, in many instances tripled, in the course of a few years. To the working classes this alteration would have made little difference, had their wages been raised in the same ratio. But it so happened that the demand for labour had been lessened; and the price of labour sunk with the demand. Experience had proved to the agriculturist, that the growth of wool was more profitable than that of corn; whence tillage was discouraged, that a larger portion of land might be brought into pasturage; and, in most counties, thousands of labourers were excluded from their accustomed employments. But, if scarcity of work generated distress, that distress was augmented by the interested, though obvious policy of the landlords. In former times, particularly on the estates of the monks and clergy, considerable portions of land had been allotted for the common use of the labourers and of the poor inhabitants. But, the present proprietors had, by repeated enclosures, added many portions of the wastes and commons to the former extent of the farms; and thus had cut off or narrowed one great source of support to the more indigent classes.

In a proclamation issued the preceding year, the King is made to complain that many villages, in which 100 or 200 people had lived, were entirely destroyed; that one shepherd now dwelt, where industrious families dwelt before; and that the realm is wasted by "bringing arable ground into pasture, and letting houses, whole families, and copyholds, to fall down, decay, and be waste." And Hales, the commissioner, in his charge, repeats these complaints, observing, that the laws which forbade any man to keep more than 2000 sheep, and commanded the owners of church lands to keep household on the same, and to occupy as much of the demesne lands in tillage, as had been occupied twenty years before, were disobeyed; whence he asserts, that the number of the King's subjects had been wonderfully diminished, as appeared by the new books of musters compared with the old, and with the chronicles.

As a curious comment on these complaints, we extract from a note in a subsequent page, the price of cattle as fixed by the King:—

	From July to Nov.	Nov. to Christmas.	Christmas to Shrovetide.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
'A fat ox of largest bone	2 5	2 6 8	2 8 4
A steer or runt, do.....	1 5	1 6 8	1 8 4
A heifer, do.....	1 2	1 3 0	
A fat sheep, large of bone, 4s. till Michaelmas, afterwards 4s. 4d.			

It is melancholy to think how the spirit of persecution has marked the propagation of almost every new religion, when it was accompanied by power. Calvin,—the mild Calvin, as he has been called,—and who has given name to a numerous sect, was guilty of the murder of Servetus, and sported with his cries at the stake. Cranmer, whose name every protestant is taught to venerate, and who died a martyr to his religion, had in the summit of his power exhibited the same persecuting spirit as that by which he fell. 'It might, indeed, have been hoped,' says Mr. Lingard, 'that men who had writhed under the lash of persecution, would have learned to respect the rights of conscience. But, however forcibly the reformers had claimed the privilege of judging for themselves under the late King, they were not disposed to concede it to others, when they themselves came into the exercise of power.'

To have sent men to the stake for professing the Popish religion, would have been a dangerous experiment, and, therefore, the relentless spirit of persecuting power sought to satiate itself in the extinction of Unitarians:—

'The first who appeared before the Archbishop [Cranmer] was Champneis, a priest who had taught that Christ was not God, that grace was inadmissible, and that the regenerate, though they might fall by the outward, could never sin by the inward, man; he was followed by Puttow, a tanner; Thumb, a butcher; and Ashton, a priest; who had embraced the tenets of unitarianism. Terror or conviction induced them to abjure; they were sworn never to revert to their former opinions, and publicly bore faggots during the sermon at St. Paul's Cross. But no fear of punishment could subdue the obstinacy of a female preacher, Joan Bocher, of Kent. During the last reign, she had rendered important services to the reformers, by the clandestine importation of prohibited books, which, through the agency of the noted Anne Ascue, she conveyed to the ladies at court. She now appeared at the bar of the archbishop's court, charged with maintaining that "Christ did not take flesh of the outward man of the Virgin, because the outward man was conceived in sin, but by the consent of the inward man, which was undefiled." In this unintelligible jargon she persisted to maintain her opinion, before her judges, Cranmer, Smith, Cook, Latimer, and Lyell; and when the archbishop excommunicated her as a heretic, and ordered her to be delivered to the secular power, she replied, "It is a goodly matter to consider your ignorance. It was not long ago that you burned Anne Ascue for a piece of bread; and yet came yourselves soon after to believe and profess the same doctrine for which you burned her; and now, forsooth, you will needs burn me, for a piece of flesh, and in the end will come to believe this also, when you have read the scriptures and understand them."

From the unwillingness of Edward to consent to her execution, a year elapsed before she suffered. It was not that his humanity revolted from the idea of burning her at the stake; in his estimation, she deserved the severest punishment which the law could inflict. But the object of his compassion was the future condition of her soul in another world. He argued, that as long as she remained in error, she remained in sin, and that to deprive her of life in that state, was to consign her soul to everlasting torments. Cranmer was compelled to argue the point against the young theologian; his objection was solved by the example of Moses, who had condemned blasphemers to be stoned; and the King, with tears, put his signature to the warrant. The bishops of London and Ely made in vain a last attempt to convert Bocher. She preserved her constancy at the very stake; and, when the preacher, Dr. Scory, undertook to refute her opinion, exclaimed, that "he lied like a rogue, and had better go home and study the scripture."

The next victim was Von Parris, a Dutchman, and a surgeon in London. He denied the divinity of Christ, and, having been excommunicated by his brethren of the Dutch church, in that capital, was arraigned before Cranmer, Ridley, May, Coverdale, and several others. Coverdale acted as interpreter, but the prisoner refused to abjure; and a few days later was committed to the flames.

Among the laws passed during the reign of Edward, there was one much in favour of the subject, so far as related to treason:—

'The constant complaint of accused persons, that they could not establish their innocence, because they were never confronted with their accusers, had attracted the public notice. The more the question was discussed, the more the iniquity of the usual method of proceeding was condemned; and it was now enacted, that no person should be arraigned, indicted, convicted, or attainted of any matter of treason, unless on the oath of two lawful accusers, who should be brought before him at the time of his arraignment, and there should openly avow and maintain their evidence against him. Thus was laid the foundation of a most important improvement in the administration of criminal justice; and a maxim was introduced, which has proved the best shield of innocence against the jealousy, the arts, and the vengeance of superior power.'



Cranmer, at this time, formed a code of ecclesiastical institutions, which were submitted to thirty-two commissioners, appointed for the purpose; but they were not adopted. The document is a curious one: it was entitled, 'Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum,' and treated, in fifty-one articles, of all those subjects, the cognizance of which appertained to the spiritual courts:—

'It commences with an exposition of the Catholic faith, and enacts the punishment of forfeiture and death against those who deny the Christian religion. It then regulates the proceedings in cases of heresy, the ceremony of abjuration, and the delivery of the obstinate heretic to the civil magistrate, that he may suffer death according to law. Blasphemy subjects the offenders to the same penalty. The marriages of minors, without the consent of their parents or guardians, and of all persons whomsoever, without the previous publication of banns, or the entire performance of the ceremony in the church, according to the book of common prayer, are pronounced of no effect. The seducer of a single woman is compelled to marry her, or to endow her with one-third of his fortune; or, if he have no fortune, to charge himself with the maintenance of their illegitimate offspring; and to suffer some additional and arbitrary punishment. Adultery is visited with imprisonment or transportation for life. In addition, if the offender be the wife, she forfeits her jointure, and all the advantages she might have derived from her marriage; if the husband, he returns to the wife her dower, and adds to it one half of his own fortune. But to a clergyman, in whom the enormity of the offence increases in proportion to the sanctity of his office, the penalty is more severe. He loses his benefice, and surrenders the whole of his estate, if he be married, to the unoffending party, for the support of her and her children; if unmarried, to the bishop, that it may be devoted to purposes of charity.

'Divorces are allowed not only for adultery, but for cruelty, long absence, and incompatibility of temper\*; and in all such cases the parties are permitted to marry again; but where one deserts the other, this indulgence is confined to the innocent person; the guilty is condemned to perpetual imprisonment. In cases of defamation, when, from the destruction of papers or the absence of witnesses, the truth cannot be discovered, the accused is permitted to clear his character by his oath, provided he can produce a competent number of compurgators, who shall swear that they give full credit to his assertion. Commutation of penance for money is conceded on particular occasions; the right of devising property by will is refused to married women, slaves, children under fourteen years of age, heretics, libellers, females of loose character, usurers, and convicts sentenced to death, or perpetual banishment or imprisonment; and excommunication is asserted to cut off the offender from the society of the faithful, the protection of God, and the expectation of future happiness; and to consign him to everlasting punishment, and the tyranny of the devil. It is probable that the severity of some of these laws, and the power which the whole of them would have thrown into the hands of the bishops, might cause some demur in the lords of the council; had they been promulgated by authority, there can be little doubt that they would have been amended or repealed by subsequent acts of the legislature.'

Although we are very far from agreeing with Mr. Lingard's observations on the Reformation, yet we must acknowledge that he displays more impartiality than, in the present liberal age, is generally expected from persons of his religion; and he generally quotes a respectable authority for his assertions.

But we, perhaps, ought to leave all remarks on this subject, until he has been put to a severer test, which will be in the next volume, when he comes to write the history of that fire-brand, the sanguinary Mary, of infamous memory.

\* This would be a convenient law at the present day.—ED.

*Britannia's Cypress; a Poem on the lamented Death of his late Majesty, George III. Including a Tribute to the Memory of other Branches of the Illustrious House of Brunswick.* By John Hartnoll. 12mo. pp. 116. London, 1820.

In the preface to this poem, we are told that it is the production of a youth of 'humble birth and confined education,' whose 'mind has not received that cultivation which is necessary to its fertility;' and, further, that with the exception of three or four pieces, of a few lines each, this poem is the first offering at the shrine of the muses; of one who, previous to the last twelve months, had a 'peculiar antipathy even to the reading of poetical compositions.'

Under such circumstances, criticism would be disarmed of its severity, were there even cause to exercise it; but so far is that from being the case in the present instance, that we pronounce 'Britannia's Cypress' a very remarkable effusion, considering the circumstances under which it has been produced; and that it gives promise of much future excellence. It has, like most productions of young poets, an exuberance of fancy, but this is an error which the maturer mind of the author will easily remedy; while a poverty of invention is scarcely ever to be overcome. We select, as a specimen, the author's allusion to the melancholy situation of our late venerable Monarch, during the last ten years of his life:—

'O! could my humble lines his virtues tell,  
My feeble efforts adequately praise;  
Immortal numbers should my verses swell,  
Like his remembrance—deathless be my lays.  
But time, alas! too envious of our joys,  
With stubborn hand, our happiness o'ercastr;  
Whose pow'r relentless, all our hope destroys,  
And teaches man—that man must fall at last.—  
For ah! affliction's storms roll'd o'er his head,  
And hid his latter days with darkest woes;  
From him, his wonted energies had fled,  
His nerves relax—his days unconscious close!  
From him was veil'd the troubles of the world,  
The jar of states, and Kings' delusive dreams;  
That British valour had Napoleon hurl'd  
From Gallia's throne, and marr'd his despot schemes.  
Hid, by the hand of Heav'n, from Nature's charms,  
Lost to the mind's sweet intellectual sight;  
Alike to him, were joys or dire alarms,  
Ev'n years revolv'd as one unceasing night.  
Where tow'ring reason once could scale the sky,  
And, with triumphant pow'rs, resplendent shone;  
Pensive and dim, her once soul-piercing eye,  
And wrapt in awful gloom her radiant throne.  
Had he beheld states' vengeful discords cease,  
And glutted war instinctively retire;  
His heart had glow'd to view his Isle in peace,  
His breast had kindled Hope's enliv'ning fire.  
Had he beheld, concent'ring from afar,  
His mighty chiefs 'midst Europe's loud applause;  
Warriors and kings, each nation's guardian star,  
Thronging his land of liberty and laws;  
His heav'nly mind, Content once more had crown'd,  
But ah! from him such pleasures long had flown;  
And whilst our spheres, with happiness resound,  
He from the scene was hid—and he alone.  
Had he beheld the savage corsair's dread,  
The dauntless Exmouth scourge him for his guile;  
Again had ris'n his aged rev'rend head,  
On Mars' and Neptune's gallant son to smile.



Yet, tho' fell war, with all her crimson train,  
Oppression's offspring would his hopes pervade;  
Tho' these assail'd the concord of his reign,  
In peace, retir'd his deep-lamented shade.

A peace, a monument to Albion's fame,  
Spreading from pole to pole her Monarch's praise;  
Built by his Zeal's imperishable flame,  
Whose base it form'd in Vigour's youthful days.

Yet, e'er the glorious pile had reach'd his height,  
Unhappy Isle! thy brightest joys decay;  
Whilst the bright hour ye wait with fond delight,  
Thy Sovereign yields beneath Affliction's sway.

But Britain's grateful sons will ne'r forget  
Their venerable George, or cease to feel  
Their woes for him whose life's bright sun has set,  
Or o'er his virtues draw Oblivion's veil.

There is a want of method and arrangement in this poem; but, notwithstanding this and some other trivial faults, which might be noticed, we confess we have been much pleased with it; and feel happy in first introducing the young author to that public with which, we doubt not, he will become a favourite.

## Original Communications.

### REFLECTIONS.

'Ye starry worlds,  
I must fulfil my day, and wait the final hour  
That brings eternal liberty and rest.'—MRS. ROWE.

THE cold scenes of winter are past, and the recollection of them inherits a place in studious minds; thus do we cherish the memories of our fathers,—they are gone to their tombs, and can return no more; thus do we ourselves change; and thus, if we are endeared to the bosoms of our children, we shall be remembered. Then winter is gone, our fathers are gone, and we are on our way. Spring is returned, youth is approaching, and may innocence be the guide! The once frozen river is trickling in rural cheerfulness through many a winding maze, like freedom in sweet liberty. The once snowy fields, that were covered in the wind, and had light tresses on their mountainous tops, are now to be seen in various-coloured green, bespotted with many a fancy-looking flower of sweetest scent, on which insects rest and toil from morn till eve. The trees that were leafless and whose vigour had retired into the recesses of their roots,—their sap is risen, they feel the sun, the rain, and the zephyr, and we behold them ornamented with leaves and beautified with blossoms! How invigorated do those persons feel also who rise early, ere the dew has melted away from that peaceful spot on which it hung through the vanished night! The eye has a multitude of riches to beam on; the ear is delighted with the melody of surrounding spirits; the taste is recreated with natural sweetness. And is nothing to be learnt from such dear objects? whether we tread them to earth in their silent simplicity, or behold them in heaven in their spacious grandeur? The sun makes his reflection on us, and we perceive our stature; and is not our shadow capable of conveying a portion of instruction, whether it be contracted to our side, or extended along the shining ground? Have we never observed a tree without its wonted green, in a cluster of its native associates? And is there not a family with an unfortunate relation, or a sickly friend? Does not the bird sit in the retirement of harm-

less bushes, and bewail the loss of her eggs, or of her young, just when she has given her joy to the skies? Oh, yes! And how often in the human circle, when peace seems to solace the recipient, wealth is in absence, or a beloved infant in the coffin. Ere the silver cord is riven, or the golden union severed, oh! may it be our transport to improve our blessings, and may this be the experience of

J. R. P.

## PITCAIRN'S ISLAND

AND THE

### MUTINEERS OF THE BOUNTY.

THE first of the subjoined accounts is a letter from Captain Henderson, of the ship *Hercules*, addressed to the editor of the *Calcutta Journal*, dated 15th July, 1819.

The second is the narrative of a Tahitian woman, transmitted to a gentleman of Sydney, New South Wales, from the Society Islands, and published in the *Sydney Gazette* of 17th July, 1819.

#### CAPTAIN HENDERSON'S NARRATIVE.

In looking over Captain Bligh's narrative of his voyage in the boat, I observe, he says, 'The secrecy of this mutiny is beyond all conception. Thirteen of the party who were with me had always lived among the people; yet neither they, nor the messmates of Christian, Steward, Haywood, and Young, had ever observed any circumstance to give them suspicion of what was going on.'

The conversation that I had with old Adams, while on shore at Pitcairn's Island, will set this at rest: but I shall give you the history of my intercourse with these islanders as it occurred.

We made Pitcairn's Island on the morning of the 18th of January, 1819, and I make it to lie in lat. 25° 58' south, long. 130° 23' west, nearly the same as Sir Thomas Staines. On getting within two or three miles of the shore, we observed a boat coming off, which was very small, being one given to them by an American that had touched at the island about eighteen months before. On approaching us, the first thing they asked was, whether the ship was a man of war or a merchantman, American or English? On being answered that she was a trading ship under British colours, from India, they came on board, nine in number, all young men.

After breakfast I went on shore, at seven a. m., and was received on the rocks by old Mr. Adams, and all the other inhabitants of the island; but not before the islanders that were in the boat with me had given a shout or cry peculiar to themselves, to signify my being a friend. I delivered to Adams the box of books from the Missionary Society in London, and a letter from Adams's brother, who is still living at Wapping, in London. I read this letter to him, giving him a description of his family, mentioning the death of one sister, and prosperity of another. This affected him much, and he often repeated that he never expected to see this day, or indeed one of his countrymen more.

I then ascended the rocks, and was led through groves of bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, plantain, and what they called the tea-tree, till we reached their village, forming an oblong square. Their dwellings are all of wood, and very ingeniously contrived, so as to be shifted at pleasure, and were uncommonly clean. They had also built one or two houses with second stories, since the frigates were there.

The following particulars were related to me by



Adams, respecting the mutiny of the *Bounty*; and I believe it to be correct, as old Adams said several times to me, 'You shall hear nothing from me but the truth.'

A few days after leaving Otaheite, while still to windward of the Friendly Islands, Christian and Captain Bligh had a quarrel before Captain B. went to bed. When Christian came on deck in the middle watch, he called one of the quarter-masters, named Quintal, aft, and said he wanted to leave the ship, as the conduct of the captain was insupportable, and wished Quintal to assist in making a raft of the spare spars, as he was determined to leave the ship, and did not wish to distress the crew or thwart the voyage by taking any body away with him. Quintal remonstrated, and said if he went all would go, and proposed to seize the captain and turn him off in the long-boat; which was agreed to by the whole watch then on deck, and put into execution immediately.

Adams was in his hammock at this time, and he belonged to the watch below, which was called up one by one, told what had taken place, and asked whether they would go or stay, leaving it entirely to themselves, no force being used to any one but Captain Bligh.

They went to one of the islands, Tubi, to make a settlement, but could not agree with the natives. The majority were then disposed to steer for Otaheite, and there they went, taking with them two of the natives who would not leave them.

When they arrived at Otaheite, the stores, sails, and all other moveable articles, were shared out among the crew. The *Bounty* fell to the lot of Christian and eight others, who, after taking on board live stock, women, the two natives of Tubi, and two of Otaheite, left the island in the night, Christian not acquainting any person where he was going, until out of sight of the island. He then communicated his intention to his shipmates, who approved of his determination, and then steered for Pitcairn's Island, where they landed all the useful articles from the *Bounty*, and set her on fire off the north-east end of the island, to prevent being discovered, but she drove on shore before she was entirely consumed, though there is not a vestige of her now to be seen. They carried their precautions so far, as even to destroy all the dogs, for fear the barking of these animals might at any future time betray them.

About four years after they landed on the island, one of their wives died, which was Williams's. The rest agreed to give him one of the black females, or natives of Otaheite, as a wife, to supply the place of his former one; and this caused the first disturbance on the island, and the consequent death of Christian and four others, viz. Brown, Martin, John Mills, and John Williams, as also two of the Otaheitans. Christian was the first, who was shot while at work in his yam plantation.

The next disturbance took place about three years afterwards, and arose from one of the remaining Otaheitans refusing to work; but he was killed before he could do much mischief, except his wounding old Adams in the right shoulder. He attempted, indeed, after this, to knock his brains out; but Adams being a strong man, parried off the blow, having his left hand much shattered, and losing his forefinger. Before he could repeat this blow, Quintal dispatched the first Otaheitan, and the other his companion, ran off to the woods; but coming back a few days afterwards, the women killed him in the night, while asleep, as they were afraid he might treacher-

ously kill some of the Englishmen, to whom they were more attached than to their countrymen. Thus only four Englishmen were left, of whom one went mad and drowned himself, and two died natural deaths; 'the last, about eighteen years ago, leaving me,' says Adams, 'to bring up their children, which I have done in the most Christian-like manner my means would allow.'—They say a prayer in the morning, one at noon, and another at night, and never omit asking a blessing, or returning thanks at meals.

Adams is now fifty-seven years of age; has three daughters and one son; the last is about fourteen years old. The whole of this little community are in number forty-five, including men, women, and children. Christian left three sons, who are now all alive on the island. They have had two births since the frigates were there; they were then forty-three, and now forty-five, as stated by Sir Thomas Staines. Adams said this must have been a mistake, as no deaths had occurred since the ships left them. They have plenty of fowls, goats, and hogs, on the island, and I left them a ram, two ewes, and a lamb, of the South American breed; as well as some potatoes, wheat, and paddy, for cultivation; with such other useful articles as the ship afforded.

Adams reads the Bible to the islanders every Sunday evening; but he has not been able to get any of them to learn to read, for want of a spelling-book, of which he had only a few leaves. Their greatest want was implements for agriculture, mechanic tools, and cooking utensils, of which we could only supply them with our pitch-pot, one or two spades, and a saw, with a few knives and forks, some plates, a few pair of shoes, and the reading glass of my sextant, for old Adams, whose sight was failing.

There are five Otaheitan women, and old Adams, that alone remain of the original settlers. Two ships had been seen from the island before the frigates appeared; but although they were near enough to see the people on board them, and made signs to them from the shore, they did not land. There were no canoes built on the island at that time, so that they could not go off.

These are the principal facts with which my memory furnishes me at present; but I hope I shall be able to give you a better description of the island and its inhabitants when I return again to Calcutta.

#### NARRATIVE OF A TAHEITAN WOMAN.

The following account I have just received from a Taheitan woman, who was the wife of Isaac Madden, one of the mutineers. She has been apparently a good-looking woman in her time, but now begins to bear the marks of age. She is marked on the left arm, A. S. 1789, which was done by Adam Smith, to whom she attached herself at first, and sailed with him both before and after the ship was taken. She has lately arrived hither in the *King George*, from Nugahiva, at which place she was left by an American ship, the captain of which took her from Pitcairn's Island to the Spanish main, and afterwards left her at Nugahiva. She has resided at Nugahiva about three months, and it is more than double that time since she left Pitcairn's Island.

When Fletcher Christian cut his cable and left Taheite, the following persons were on board the *Bounty*: Fletcher Christian, John Main, Bill M'Koy, Billy Brown, Jack Williams, Neddy Young, Isaac Madden, Matt, or Matthew, and Adam Smith,—*nine Europeans*. Tiernua Nain, (a boy,) and Manarii—*Taheitans*. Tarara, a *Rai-*

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teau, and Oher and Titahiti, *Tubuans*. The *Taheitan* women were Mannatua, Christian's wife; Vahineatua, Main's wife; Teio, the wife of M'Koy, who was accompanied by her little daughter; Sarah Teatuanirea, Brown's wife; Faahota, Williams's wife; Terrura, Young's wife; Teehuleatuaonoa or Jenny, Madden's wife, before-mentioned; Obuarei, Adam Smith's wife; Tevarua, Matt's wife; Toofaiti, Tararo's wife; Mareva, common to the two *Taheitan*s; and Tinafarnea, common to the two *Tubuans*.

In their passage to Pitcairn's Island, they fell in with a low Lagoon island, which they call Vivini, where they got birds, eggs, and cocoa-nuts. They also passed between two mountainous islands, but the wind was so strong they could not land.

When they arrived at Pitcairn's Island, they ran the ship ashore. Fletcher Christian wanted to preserve the ship, but Matt said, 'No, we shall be discovered;' so they burnt her. The island is small; has but one mountain, which is not high, but flat and fit for cultivation. They put up temporary houses, of the leaves of tea, and afterwards more durable ones, thatched with the palm, as at *Taheite*. They found the bread-fruit there, and all were busily engaged in planting yams, taro, plantains, and aute, of which they made cloth. The account this woman gives of their proceedings in this new country, is very amusing to the *Taheitan*s. Neddy Young taught them to distil spirits from the tea-root. They made small canoes, and caught many fish. They climbed the precipices of the mountain, and got birds and eggs in abundance.

In the mean time many children were born. Christian had a daughter, Mary, and two sons, Charles and Friday. John Main had two children, Betsy and John. Bill M'Koy had Sam and Kate. Neddy Young had no children by his own wife; but by Tararo, the wife of the *Raiotean*, he had three sons, George, Robert, and William. Matt has had five children, Matt, Jenny, Arthur, Sarah, and a young one, that died when seven days old. Adam Smith has Dinah, Eliza, Hannah, and George, by his wife. The *Taheitan*s, &c. have left no children. Jack Williams's wife died of a scrophulous disease, which broke out in her neck. The Europeans took the three women belonging to the natives, Taofaiti, Mareva, and Tinafarnea, and cast lots for them, and the lot falling upon Toafaiti, she was taken from Tararo and given to Jack Williams. Tararo wept at parting with his wife, and was very angry. He studied revenge, but was discovered, and Oher and he were shot. Titahiti was put in irons for some time, and afterwards released; when he and his wife lived with Madden, and wrought for him.

Titahiti, Niau, Teimua, and Manarii, still studied revenge; and having laid their plan, when the women were gone to the mountain for birds, and the Europeans were scattered, they shot Christian, Main, Brown, Williams, and Madden. Adam Smith was wounded in the hand and face, but escaped with his life. Ned Young's life was saved by his wife; and the other women and M'Koy and Matt fled to the mountain.

Inflamed with drinking the raw new spirit they distilled, and fired with jealousy, Manarii killed Tiemua, by firing three shots through his body. The Europeans and women killed Manarii in return; Niau, getting a view of M'Koy, shot at him. Two of the women went, under pretence of seeing if he was killed, and made friends with him. They laid their plan, and at night Niau was killed by Young. *Taheiti*, the only remaining native man, was

dreadfully afraid of being killed; but Young took a solemn oath that he would not kill him. The women, however, killed him in revenge for the death of their husbands. Old Matt, in a drunken fit, declaring that he would kill F. Christian, and all the English that remained, was put to death in his turn. Old M'Koy, mad with drink, plunged into the sea and drowned himself; and Ned Young died of a disease that broke out in his breast. Adam Smith, therefore, is the only survivor of the Europeans. Several of the women, also, are dead. Obuarei and Tavarua fell from the precipice when getting birds. Teatuabitea died of the dropsy, and Vahineatua was killed, being pierced by a goat in her bowels when she was with child. The others were still alive when the women left.

The descendants of the Europeans, for there are no descendants of the natives, are very numerous. Of Christian's family, Mary Christian remains unmarried. Charley Christian married Sarah, the daughter of Teio. She has borne him Fletcher, Charley, and Sarah, and was with child again. Friday Christian has got Teraura, formerly the wife of Ned Young. She has borne him Joe, Charley, Polly, Peggy, and Mary. All these descendants of Christian, together with Manatua, or old Mrs. Christian, yet survive. John Main was killed by falling from the rocks. Betsy Main is the wife of young Matt, and has borne him two sons, Matt and John. Sam M'Koy has taken Sarah Matt, and has by her Sam and M'Koy. Kate M'Koy is the wife of Arthur Matt, and they have children, Arthur, Billy, and Joe. Dinah Smith is the wife of Edward Matt, by Teraura. She has a young son.

They have hogs and fowls, and are very diligent in cultivating the ground. They dress their food like the *Taheitan*s, having no boilers. They make cloth, and clothe themselves like the *Taheitan*s, the men with the maro and tibuta, the women with the paren and tibuta. They have sent away their still, the fruitful cause of so much mischief, in the American that called last; and they have obtained a boat from him, which greatly adds to their comfort. The women work hard in cultivating the ground, &c. This woman's hands are quite hard with work. They have a place of worship, and old Adam Smith officiates three times every Sabbath. He prays extempore, but does not read. Their ceremonies of marriage, baptism, and at funerals, are very simple. It does not appear that any of the people have learnt to read. The first settlers discouraged the *Taheitan* language, and promoted the speaking English. This woman, however, can speak neither English nor *Taheitan*, but a jumble of both. They speak of seeing two ships some years ago, which kept in the offing, and did not come near the island; except Master Folger, as they call him, and the two King's ships, they have seen no ship till the American that brought away Jenny. Jenny says they would all like to come to *Taheiti* or Eimao. We were thinking that they would be a great acquisition at Opunohu, alongside of the sugar works, as they have been accustomed to labour, for the *Taheitan*s will not labour for any payment.

#### HOW TO CUT A DASH.

(FROM AN AMERICAN PAPER.)

You must first fall upon some method to trick a tailor (provided you have not certain qualms that will prevent you) by getting into his debt, for much, you know, de-



pend upon exteriors. There is no crime in this, for you pay him if you are able—and good clothes are very necessary for a *dash*; having them cut after the *latest London fashion*, is also very essential. Sally forth on a Sunday morning in quest of a companion with whom you have the night previous (at a beer house or confectioner's) engaged to meet at the corner. After having passed the usual compliments of the morning with him, place yourself in a fashionable attitude: your thumbs thrust in your pantaloons' pockets—the right foot thrown carelessly across the left, resting on the toe, exhibits your fine turned ankle, or new boot, and is certainly a very *modest* attitude—your cravat finically adjusted, and tied sufficiently tight to produce a *fine* full-blooming countenance: corsets and bag pantaloons are indispensably necessary to accoutre you for the *stand*. When in this trim, dilate upon the events of the times—know but very little of domestic affairs—expatiate and criticise upon the imperfections or charms of the passing multitude—tell a fine story to some acquaintance who knows but little about you, and, by this means, borrow as much money as will furnish you with a very small bamboo, or very large cudgel; extremes are very indispensable for a good *dash*.

It is extremely unbecoming for a gentleman of *fashion* to pay any regard to that old superstitious ceremony of what is commonly called 'going to meeting'—or, at most, of attending more than half a day in the week. To attend public worship more than *one hour* in *seven days* must be very fatiguing to a person of *genteel habits*—besides it would be countenancing an old established custom. In former times, a serious and devout attention to divine service, was not thought improper; but should a gentleman of modern manners attend public worship, to discover, according to the law of the *polite*, what new face or fashion appears, I need not mention the absurdity of *decent* behaviour.

'What go to meeting, say?—why this the *vulgar* do,  
Yes and it is a *custom* old as Homer too!  
Sure, then, we *folks of fashion* must with this dispense,  
Or differ in *some way* from *folks of common sense*.'

Melodious, indeed, are the voices of *ladies* and *gentlemen* whispering across the pews, politely inquiring after each other's health—the hour at which they got home from their Saturday evening's party—what *gallants* attended them; and what *lasses* they saw safe home. How engaging the *polite* posture of looking on the person next you, or in sound sleep, instead of sacred music, playing loud bass through the nose! But to have proceeded methodically in enumerating the improvements in manners, I ought, first, to have mentioned some of the important advantages of staying from meeting until the exercises are half finished. Should you attend at the usual hour of commencing service, you might be supposed guilty of rising in the morning as early as nine or ten o'clock, and by that means be thought shockingly *ungenteel*—and if seated quietly in the pew, you might possibly remain unnoticed; but, by thundering along the aisle in the midst of prayer or sermon, you are pretty sure to command the attention of the audience, and obtain the honour of being thought by some, to have been engaged in some *genteel* affair the night before! Besides, it is well known, that it is only the *vulgar* that attend meeting in proper time.

When you parade the streets, take off your hat to every gentleman's carriage that passes; you may do the same to any pretty woman—for if she is well bred, (you being

smartly dressed) she will return the compliment before she be able to recollect whether your's be a face she has seen somewhere or not; those who see it, will call you a dashing fellow. When a beggar stops you, put your hand in your pocket, and tell him you are very sorry you have no change; and this you know will be strict truth, and speaking truth is always a commendable quality;—or, if it suits you better, bid him go to the mayor—this you may easily do in a *dashing* way. Never think of following any business,—such conduct is unworthy of a dasher. In the evening, never walk straight along the foot-way, but go in a zig-zag direction—this will make some people believe you have been dashing down your bottle of wine after dinner. No dasher goes home sober.

On making your appearance in the ball-room, put your hat under your arm: you will find an advantage in this, as it will make a stir in the room to make way for you and your hat, and apprise them of your entrance; after one or two turns around the room, if the sets are all made up, make a *stand* before one of the mirrors to adjust your cravat, hair, &c.—be sure to have your hair brushed all over the forehead, which will give you a very *ferocious* appearance—if you catch a strange damsel's eyes fixed upon you, take it for granted that you are a fascinating fellow, and cut a *prodigious dash*. As soon as the first set have finished dancing, fix your thumbs as before-mentioned, and make a dash through the gaping crowd in pursuit of a partner; if you are likely to be disappointed in obtaining one with whom you are acquainted, select the smallest child in the room; by that means, you will attract the attention of the ladies and secure to you the hand of a *charming* Miss for the next dance. When on the floor with one of those dashing belles, commence a *tete-a-tete* with her, and pay no attention whatever to the figure or steps, but walk as deliberately as the music will admit (not dropping your little chit chat) through the dance, which is considered, undoubtedly, very graceful, and less like a *mechanic* or dancing master. The dance finished, march into the bar-room, and call for a glass of gin, which is a very fashionable liquor among the 'ton,' and if called on to pay for it, tell him you have left your purse in the pocket of *one of your blues* at home; and that you will recollect it at the next ball—this you know can be done in a *genteel* way, and be 'all the go.' Return into the room, and either tread upon some gentleman's toes or give him a *slight* touch with your elbow: which, if he be inclined to resent, tell him, 'pon your *honour*,' you did not observe them, or, if inclined to suffer it with impunity—'get out of the way fellow, d—n you' will incline some to believe that you have but lately been imported from Bond Street, London. On your way home, after escorting your fair innamorata to her peaceful abode, make a few *calls* for the purpose of taking a little more stimulus with some particular friends, and then return home for the night to 'sleep your senses in forgetfulness.'

### Londiniana,

No. XVI.

#### LORD MAYOR AND LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

THE city of London always possessed some peculiar privileges; but, in the early period of its history, arbitrary monarchs took them, and gave them back at their

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pleasure. In other words, whenever the monarch was in want of a round sum of money, he pounced, for some offence, either real or easily feigned, on the city's rights, which were not to be regained, except at a high price. It is interesting to mark the progress of the office of Mayor, from its comparative insignificance, to its present importance.

It appears, from the best authorities, that the name of Mayor was not attached to the chief officers of the city until the year 1192. Before that period, he was denominated Bailiff: under that title, Henry Fitz Alwyne officiated at the coronation of Richard I. and this same citizen, in the year 1192, assumed, in the first civic record extant, the title of Mayor.

The name, according to Verstegan, comes from the ancient English *maier*, able or potent, of the verb *may* or *can*. The learned antiquary says, 'This honourable name of office in the chief and most famous city of our realm is divers ways written; some write it *maior*, some *mayor*, and some *maire*. And because *maior* (major), in Latin, signifies greater or bigger, some, not looking any further, will needs, from thence, make it *maior*; but seeing the names of sheriff and alderman cannot be drawn from the Latin, why should it be thought that *mayor* comes from *maior*? Certain it is, that, as the other names of offices are not derived from the Latin, no more is this, but the name originally cometh from the Teutonic, as do the afore-noted others. It is in the Netherlands well known; where not only the chief magistrate of Louvain (the ancientest town of Brabant) is called the *meyer*, but almost every country town hath an officer so called: as, in like manner, divers of our country towns in England, as well as our cities, have. So it is, likewise, a name of office in the country towns of France, their now written *maire* coming first to be known among them by the German Francks, the ancestors of Frenchmen. For the etymology thereof we are to note that, as in our own English, to *may* signifieth to have might or power; so a *mayer* is as much to say, a *haver of might*, one that hath or may use authority.\*'

During the mayoralty of Fitz Alwyne, an office then dependent on the crown, and which he held for twenty-four years, the city first obtained its jurisdiction and conservancy of the river Thames, and a water bailiff was appointed as a deputy to the Mayor. King John was the first who conferred on the citizens the privilege of choosing their chief magistrate, who had hitherto been appointed by the King. Henry III. seems to have considered the city merely as a body for the exercise of experiments of rapacity; for almost every year, on some frivolous pretext, he took away some privileges, which the citizens re-purchased at the price stipulated by the monarch; and on one occasion it cost them eleven hundred marks. They bought the privilege, in the year 1254, of presenting their new Mayor annually to the barons of the Exchequer, in the absence of the King; whereas, before that period, they were obliged to repair to the King's residence, in any part of England, to present their chief magistrate. It may be entertaining to give in this place an instance of one of the exactions of this charter-giving sovereign. A convict confined in Newgate for the murder of a prior, a relation of the Queen, contrived to effect his escape, and the King immediately demanded 3000

\* 'Restitution of decayed Intelligence, by that learned antiquarian Richard Verstegan,' printed in 1605.

marks, of the city, as an atonement; he even degraded both the Sheriffs, and clapped in prison several of the principal citizens, till this unjust demand was complied with. It may here be mentioned, that it was usual with this King and with his successor, Edward, to appoint a *custos* of the peace of the city whenever there was any violent disagreement among the citizens. Edward II. a contemptible monarch, made several bargains with the city, and, at a good price, gave them some valuable regulations. It was in his reign ordained, that the Mayor should hold his office only for one year, and that the Aldermen also should be re-elected annually. Neither of these ordinances, however, seems to have met with the slightest regard. Edward the Third first made the office of Mayor obligatory on the person chosen, who, on refusal of serving, was fined 100 marks. This monarch first granted the privilege of having gold or silver maces carried before the chief magistrate; and, either on this or some other occasion equally important, the chief magistrate began to assume the title of *Lord Mayor*, as corresponding, no doubt, with this added dignity to his public appearances. In the year 1474, (in the reign of Edward IV.) an act of Common Council settled the mode of electing Mayors as it at present exists. Various additional privileges were granted from time to time, and generally for a good price, till the reign of Charles I. in whose reign, for the first time, a Lord Mayor was invested with the Lord-Lieutenancy of the Tower; this, however, was but a temporary grant. Charles II. by an arbitrary act, sanctioned by a corrupt judge, suspended all the charters of the city, and took all power into his own hands. This power, however, was restored by William, and finally settled, beyond dispute, by an act passed in the 11th year of Geo. I. But it was to George II. that the city were indebted for the charter which constituted all the Aldermen justices of the peace. These privileges the city still enjoys, and they watch, with becoming jealousy, every attempt to infringe upon them.

As to Lord Mayor's-day, as it is at present celebrated, it would be an act of supererogation to describe it, since there is scarcely an individual who is not fully acquainted with all the 'pomp and circumstance' of this (to the people of London) auspicious day. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with giving a description of the Lord Mayor's show or procession, as it was managed in the sixteenth century. In a tract, entitled 'A breffe description of the Royall citie of London, &c. printed in 1575, we have the following account:—

'The Lord Mayor goeth by water to Westmynster in most tryvmplyke maner. His barge (wherein also all the Aldermen be) beinge garnished with the armes of the Citie: and nere the sayd barge goeth a shyppbote of the Quenes Matie, beinge trymed vpp, and rigged lyke a shippe of warre, with dyvers peces of ordenance, standards, penons, and targetts, of the proper armes of the sayd Mayor, the armes of the Citie, of his Company; and of the marchaunts adventurers, or of the staple, or of the company of the newe trades, (if he be any of the sayd iij companies of merchants), next before hym goeth the barge of the livery of his owne company, decked with their owne proper armes, then the bachelers barge, and so all the companies in London, in order, every one havinge their owne proper barge garnished with the armes of their company. And so passinge alonge the Thame, landeth at Westmynster, where he taketh his othe in



Thexchequer, before the judge there, (whiche is one of the chiefe judges of England,) whiche done, he retorneth by water as afforsayd, and landeth at powles wharfe, where he and the reste of the Aldermen take their horses, and in great pompe passe through the ggrate streete of the citie, called Cheapsyde, as follows. Fyrste, it is to vnderstanded, that the lyveries of euery companye do lande before the Lord Mayor, and are redy in Cheapsyde before his comynge, standinge alonge the streete, redy as he passeth by. And to make waye in the streetes, there *certayne men apparelled lyke devells, and wylde men*, with skybbs and certayne beadells. And fyrste of all cometh ij greate estandarts, one havinge the armes of the citie, and the other the armes of the Mayor's company; next them ij drommes and a flute, then an ensigne of the citie, and then about lxx or lxxx poore men marching ij and two togeather in blewe gownes, with redd sleeves and capps, every one bearinge a pyke and a target, whereon is paynted the armes of all them that have byn Mayor of the same company that this newe Mayor is of. Then ij banners one of the Kynges armes, the other of the Mayor's owne proper armes. Then a sett of hautboits playinge, and after them certayne wyfflers, in velvett cotes, and chaynes of golde, with white staves in their handes; then the pageant of Tryvmphe rychly decked, whervppon by certayne figures and wrytinges, (partly towchinge the name of the sayd Mayor,) some matter towchinge justice, and the office of a maiestrate is represented. Then xvj trompeters viij and viij in a company, havinge banners of the Mayor's company. Then certayne wyfflers in velvet cotes and chaynes, with white staves as aforesayde. Then the bachelers ij and two together, in longe gownen, with crymson hoodes on their shoulders of sattyne; whiche bachelers are chosen euery yeare of the same company that the Mayor is of, (but not of the livery,) and serve as gentlemen on that and other festivall daies, to wayte on the Mayor, beinge in number accordinge to the quantetie of the company, sometimes 60, 80, or 100. After them xij trompeters more, with banners of the Mayor's company, then the dromme and flute of the citie, and an ensigne of the Mayor's company, and after, the waytes of citie in blewe gownes, redd sleeves and capps, every one havinge his silver collar about his neck. Then they of the livery in their longe gownes, euery one havinge his hood on his lefte shoulder, halfe black and halfe redd, the number of them is accordinge to the greatnes of the companye whereof they are. After them followe Sherreffes officers, and then the Mayor's officers, with other officers of the citie, as the comon sergent, and the chamberlayne; next before the Mayor goeth the sword bearer, havinge on his headd the cappe of honor, and the sworde of the citie in his right hande, in a riche skabarde, sett with pearle, and on his left hande goeth the comon cryer of the citie, with his greate mace on his shoulder, all gilt. The Mayor hathe on a longe gowne of skarlet, and on his lefte shoulder a hood of black velvet, and a riche collar of gold of SS. about his neck, and with him rydeth the olde Mayor also, in his skarlet gowne, hood of velvet, and a chayne of golde about his neck. Then all the Aldermen ij and ij together, (amongst whome is the Recorder) all in skarlet gownes; and those that have byn Mayors have chaynes of golde, the other have black velvett tippetts. The ij Shereffes come last of all, in their skarlet gownes and chaynes of golde.

'In this order they passe alonge through the citie, to

the Guyldhall, where they dyne that daie, to the number of 1000 persons, all at the charge of the Mayor and the ij Shereffes. This feast costeth £400, whereof the Mayor payeth £200, and eche of the Sherreffes £100. Immediately after dyner, they go to the church of St. Paule, euery one of the aforesaid poore men bearynge staffe torches and targetts, whiche torches are lighted when it is late, before they come from evenynge prayer.'

## Original Poetry.

### SURVIVING DUTY.

How cold thy cheek!  
Thy spirit is flown  
To the regions unknown  
By the living below;—  
Ah! could I but seek,  
And could I but know,  
I would die to be with thee, and willingly go.  
Within these bowers  
Thy grave I will make,  
For affection's sake;  
And the turf shall be green,  
Interwoven with flowers,  
Such as blossom and lean,  
And the sun and the shadow alternately seen.  
Tho' thou art still,  
The bells shall ring oftly,  
The birds shall sing softly,  
And echo reply  
Over valley and hill;—  
And here I will stay,  
Till thy beauty decay,  
With a sorrowful heart and compassionate eye.  
J. R. P.

### ROSALIND'S BOWER.

'Here's the bower she used to love,  
And the tree she planted.'

It was a bower of beauty, and 'twas form'd  
Of various sweets, the jessamine's young stems  
Shot graceful upward, and their sprays were led  
Arching on either side, and met above,  
Like sisters in embrace; blended with these  
Were honeysuckles, and the tendril curls  
Of the soft vine; the spot whereon she sat  
Was a fair couch of rose leaves, and the folds  
Of lilies, mingled with the blue violets;  
The wind that fann'd that bow'r came lightly over it,  
Impregn'd with perfume stol'n from many a bed  
Of odoriferous sweets,—a grove encirc'd it,  
Where one lov'd bird, (whom she had taught to know her,)  
At eve, perch'd on its bough, would thrill the song  
Of gratitude, for food by her bestowed.  
Beneath her feet murmur'd a rivulet,  
Whose golden 'habitant, accusom'd came  
To feed from her fair hand, so tame they were.  
She had a lover, and within that bower,  
With him she lov'd so well, the maid was wont  
So sit for hours; and drink, with greedy ear,  
The tender tales he told her;—many an eve  
She pass'd in such delight; at times the youth  
Would, on her bosom, sink in pleasing sleep,  
And then her fingers, in his ebon locks,  
Wove flowers, of fairest hue, and moist'ned them  
By kisses, with the dew from her soft lips.  
Her happiness, for mortal, was too great;

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One eye her lover, in a tender moment,  
 From virtue drew her,—why prolong the tale?  
 He left her!—from that hour the bower became  
 A ruin, yet 'twas sweet to look upon  
 The wreaths which she had form'd, wherein his name  
 Was beautifully woven, alone survived:  
 And these the maid would water with her tears;—  
 But tears of sorrow bear no nourishment:  
 They wither'd with her heart;—there was an image  
 Which he had given her, 'twas his own semblance,  
 Fair to behold, of polished marble form'd,  
 But cold, and like his faithless heart, unfeeling.  
 This would her arms encircle, and her eyes  
 Dwell on for hours, her lips breathe words of love to it,  
 While wrapt in her fond dream: until the light  
 Of rea on swept across her brain, and brought  
 The bitter mem'ry of his falsehood back.  
 Then her white hands in agony she'd clasp,  
 And pray, on bended knees, that heav'n would call  
 Her spirit from its suffering—she died!  
 The bower, neglected, sunk into decay,  
 The bird its warbling ceas'd, and pined to death,  
 The finny tenants of the streamlet, still  
 Sought, at the wonted hour, the maid's approach,  
 But found her not,—they also perish'd there.  
 The very breeze did seem to mourn her loss  
 And came less fragrantly along the grove,  
 Which also wither'd;—such her lot, and theirs,—  
 So fade all earthly things.

S. R. JACKSON.

### Fine Arts.

#### LIST OF PICTURES IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—I lately spent a few days in the University of Cambridge, with a view to examine the splendid collection of pictures, presented to that learned body, in 1815, by the late Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam. I need not say that my curiosity was most amply gratified; but as the catalogue of this valuable collection is printed, I will not enter into particulars; I now write to enclose to you a list of pictures which belong to the separate colleges of this University, and which will be useful for other of your readers, who may, in future, visit that seat of learning. The catalogue is as accurate as I could make it from my own observation on the spot, assisted by a Cambridge Guide, a small publication, intended expressly for the use of strangers.

The publication of this list in the *Literary Chronicle* will oblige your's, &c.

R. R.

*Paintings in the Public Library.*—Portrait of Mr. John Nicholson, a well known bookseller in Cambridge, and commonly known by the name of 'Maps,' by Reinagle.—Portrait of Roger Gale, Esq. by Sir P. Lely.—Portrait of Prince Charles, son of James I. by D. Mytens.—Portrait of Charles I. exceedingly fine, by Vandyke.—Various other portraits† of Bishop Gunning, Bishop Moore, Lord Townshend, Queen Elizabeth, Anthony Shepherd, &c. &c. &c.

\* Many of these portraits are absolutely not worth the nails upon which they hang; and it cannot but be confessed, that the University, instead of suffering the walls of its splendid apartments to be disgraced by this ridiculous lumber, would shew its taste and public spirit, by supplying its place with the works of some of our present distinguished artists. The same observation will apply to some of the separate colleges, and it is presumed that a small portion of the funds of these opulent bodies could not be more judiciously or creditably expended than by thus affording encouragement to the fine arts.

*In the Law Schools.*—A plan of the city of Jerusalem, as it appeared in 1674, done at Smyrna, artist not known.—A representation of two processions of the University, in the costume of 1590, artist not known. This piece is curious and valuable, as shewing the order that was observed in academical processions at that time, as well as the costume of the parties.

*St. Peter's College.*—A fine painted window in the chapel, representing the crucifixion, the figures copied from the famous picture of Rubens, on the same subject, at Antwerp. The side groups designed by L. Lombard.

*Clare Hall.*—The altar-piece in the chapel is a fine painting, representing the Salutation, presented by Holles, Duke of Newcastle, by Cipriani.

*In the Combination Room.*—Portraits of the first Lord Exeter, Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Moore, Duke of Newcastle, Bishop Gunning, Bishop Hinchman, Bishop Terrick, and a copy, by Freeman, of Lady Clare, the foundress.

*Pembroke Hall.*—Portrait of Sir Benjamin Keene, by a Spanish artist.—Portraits of Bishop Ridley and John Bradford, martyrs, both of this college, copied from prints in Holland's *Horologia*.—Portrait of Mary de Valencia, the foundress, a copy by Marchi.—Portrait of Spencer, the poet, said to be copied from an original, by Wilson.—Portrait of Dr. Roger Long, by B. Wilson.—Portraits of Archbishop Grindall and Bishop Linley, artist not known.

*In the Master's Lodge.*—The Feast of the Gods, from the school of Rubens.—The Twelfth-Night King and Queen, on board; a Flemish piece.—Portrait of the poet Gray, who came to this college to avoid the mischievous pranks of the Peter-House men.

*Benet College.*—*In the Master's Lodge.*—Portrait of Dr. Richard Love, by D. Mytens.—Portrait of Dr. Mawson, bishop of Ely; by Heins.—Portrait of Samuel Bradford, by Enoch Zeeman.—Portrait of William Coleman, by Romney.—Portrait of Edward Tennyson, bishop of Ossory; by Knel-ler.—Portraits of John Spencer and John Barnardiston, by Vandermyen.—Portrait of Erasmus, on board; artist not known.—Various other portraits of inferior merit.

*Caius College.*—Altar-piece in chapel, the Annunciation, after Carlo Maratti.

*In the Master's Lodge.*—Portrait of Dr. Caius, on board, original; artist not known.—Portrait of Sir Thomas Gooch, bishop of Ely; ditto.—Portrait of Sir James Burroughs, knt. by Heins.—Portrait of Dr. John Smith, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.—Portraits of Alderman Robert Trapps and his wife Joanna, by Holbein.

*Trinity Hall.*—Altar-piece in chapel, the Presentation in the Temple, by Stella.

*In the Combination Room.*—Portraits of Dr. John Andrews and Dr. Samuel Johnson.

*In the Master's Lodge.*—Portrait of Gardiner, the Popish bishop of Winchester; artist not known.—Portrait of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, by Hoare.—In the hall of this college, there is a bust of the late Earl of Mansfield\*, given by Sir James Marriot, late master of this college, executed by Nollekens.

*King's College.*—Altar-piece in the chapel, the Taking down from the Cross, presented by the Earl of Carlisle; by \* Daniel de Volterra.

*In the Provost's Lodge.*—A curious portrait of Jane Shore, on board; artist not known.—A portrait of Sir Robert Walpole, half-length; by Dahl.

*Queen's College.*—*In the Hall.*—Portrait of Sir Thomas Smith, half-length; by Hudson.—Portrait of Eliz. Widville, Queen of Edward IV. ditto.—Portrait of Erasmus, ditto. These three excellent pictures were presented by the three sons of the Earl of Stamford.

\* The figure on his lordship's monument, in Westminster Abbey, was taken from this bust.

† This picture was purchased by the Earl of Carlisle, on the continent, as the work of the above artist; but it has been thought by connoisseurs, to be a production of Raphael.



*In the President's Lodge.*—Portrait of Eliz. Widville, on board; artist not known.—Portrait of Daniel Wray, by Dance.—A portrait unknown, by Reynolds.—A portrait of Erasmus, by Holbein.—Portraits of Gen. Monk, Sir George Saville, &c. &c.

*Catherine Hall.*—*In the Combination Room.*—St. Catharine, a fine painting, brought from Venice, by Sir Charles Bunbury.—Portraits of Robert Woodlark, the founder, of Bishop Sherlock, of Dr. Gostlyn, &c. &c.

*Jesus' College.*—*In the Hall.*—Portrait of Tobias Rustat, Esq. founder of the Rustat Scholarships.—Portrait of Archbishop Cranmer, who was of this college; a copy by Sir Jos. Reynolds.

*St. John's College.*—The altar-piece in chapel, 'St. John in the Wilderness,' by Sir Rob. Kerr Porter.

*In the Hall.*—Portrait of Lady Margaret, the foundress, artist unknown.—Portrait of Thos. Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, by J. Richardson.—Portrait of Sir Ralph Hare, by M. Gerrard.

*In the Master's Lodge.*—Portrait of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, by Hans Holbein.—The Massacre of the Innocents, a copy from Rubens.—Portrait of Earl of Strafford, a copy from Vandyke.—The Kitchen Scene, with the Story of Martha and Mary, in the distance; this is a highly finished picture; artist unknown.—Portraits of Queen Elizabeth, Lord Burleigh, Mary Queen of Scots, *E.* 20, dated 1561, Earl of Southampton, Bishop Gunning, Thomas Earl of Strafford, Richard Neile, Bishop of Durham, Bishop Stillingfleet, Matthew Prior, the poet, Thos. Baker, the antiquary. These portraits, with a great many others, are of very inferior merit; the artists are unknown, and, perhaps, if known, would add nothing to their value.

*Magdalene College.*—*In the Hall.*—Portrait of Bp. Cumberland, by Romney.—Portrait of Henry Howard, Earl of Suffolk, by Gibson; also various other portraits, copies, by Freeman.—*In the Library,* a portrait of Mrs. Pepys, by Sir P. Lely.

*Trinity College.*—Altar-piece in chapel, St. Michael and the Devil, by West.

*In the Hall.*—Portrait of Dr. Robert Smith, by J. Freeman.—Portrait of Wm. Lord Russel, by J. N. Horne.—Portrait of Dryden, by J. Hudson.—Portrait of Cowley, by Step. Slaughter.—Portrait of Henry Spelman, Esq. by J. N. Horne.—Portrait of Dr. Bently, by Hudson.

*In the Combination Room.*—Portrait of Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, by Dance.—Portrait of John Marquis of Granby, leaning on his horse, attended by a black servant, by Sir Jos. Reynolds.—Portrait of Prince William, Duke of Gloucester, by Opie.—Portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.

*In the Library.*—Portrait of Sir Isaac Newton, with this inscription:—

'Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night,  
God said let Newton be, and all was light;'

by Valentine Ritts.—Portrait, of Dr. Isaac Burrow, by V. Ritts.—Portraits of Dr. Neville, Sir Henry Pickering, Monk, Duke of Albemarle, &c. by V. Ritts.—Portrait of Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, by Sir G. Kneller.—Portrait of Shakespeare, half-length, an original, by Mark Garrard.

*In the Master's Lodge.*—Portrait of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, half-length, by M. Garrard.—Portrait of Queen Elizabeth, in a richly ornamented dress, anon.—Portraits of Edward III., Sir Walter Raleigh, and Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, anon.—Portrait of Henry VIII. a very large picture, the figure of the king is almost ten feet high; by Lucas de Heere.—Portrait of Scaliger, given by Dr. Bently, by Paul Veronese.—Portrait of Sir I. Newton, half-length, by Vanderbank.—Portrait of Stephen Whisson, by Vander Myn.—Portrait of Dr. Mansel, Bishop of Bristol, the master of the college, by Romney.—Portrait of the Duke of Gloucester, by Romney.—Portraits of Dr. Neville, Queen Mary, and many others of inferior merit.

*Emanuel College.*—The Altar-piece in chapel, the Prodigal Son, by Aimiconi.

*In the Master's Lodge.*—Portrait of Sir Walter Mildmay, the founder, with this inscription—'by Vansomer ætat. suæ 66, anno dom. 1558.'—Portraits of Sir Anthony Mildmay, Knt. and Dr. Thos. Holbeach, anon.—Portrait of Archbishop Sancroft, with this motto, 'Rapido contrarius orbi;' by P. R. Sens.—Portrait of Mr. Francis Ash, by Dobson.—Portrait of John Fano, Earl of Westmoreland, by Romney.—Portrait of Rodolph Symond, half-length, curious; artist not known.—Portrait of Dr. Richard Farmer, late master, by Romney.—Portrait of Charles Jackson, Bishop of Kildare, by Gainsborough.—Portrait of Mr. Hubbard, by Gainsborough.—Portrait of Sir Wm. Temple, supposed by Sir Peter Lely.

*Sidney College.*—Altar-piece in chapel, the Flight into Egypt, representing the Virgin with the infant Saviour in her arms, reclining on straw, and on the right is Joseph sleeping. This is a fine picture by Pittoni.

*In the Master's Lodge.*—Portrait in crayons, of Oliver Cromwell, by Cooper.—Portrait of Lady Sidney, the foundress, anon.—Portrait of Wm. Wollaston, author of the 'Religion of Nature;' author not known.—A Head of Dr. John Hey, late Norrisian Professor, by Chilton.—Six Views of Venice, by Gwedyr. This artist was the pupil of Canaletti, and these views possess great merit.

In the library of this college, there is a bust of Oliver Cromwell, (who was educated here,) from an impression of his face after his death; by Bernini.

N. B. This was presented by the Rev. Thos. Marbyn, professor of botany.

## The Drama.

**DRURY LANE.**—This theatre opened, on Monday night, for the season. No material change has taken place in the interior, except in the decorations. The gilt ornaments, in front of the boxes, remain the same as before; but a dull red ground has been substituted for the cold blue colour which has so long prevailed at this theatre. We do not think the change a happy one, or that the general appearance of the theatre is, in the least, improved by the alteration. A new architectural drop scene has been painted, which is of very elaborate execution. The play, selected for the opening, was the comedy of the *Road to Ruin*; the cast of the characters was nearly the same as when it was last acted here. Elliston played Harry Dornton with much spirit and feeling. The house was well attended, and the audience greeted their favourite actors most cordially as they successively appeared on the stage.

Tuesday night was devoted to the benefit of the widow and family of the late Mr. Rae, and we were very happy to find that the sacred cause of charity brought one of the most crowded and most fashionable audiences we ever witnessed. Before the commencement of the performance, there was not standing room in any part of the theatre, and hundreds were obliged to go away. The play, selected for the occasion, was Sheridan's admirable comedy of *The Rivals*; in which the comic strength of the two winter theatres was united. Mr. C. Kemble acted Falkland, Mrs. Davison Julia, and Mrs. Davenport Mrs. Malaprop: such an addition to the great comic strength of this house enabled them to perform the *Rivals* in such a manner as it has seldom been represented. A series of vocal and instrumental music, in which Mr. Braham, Ambrogetti, Miss Carew, Miss Povey, and Mr. T. Cooke, combined their exquisite skill, added a



the treat to the entertainments of the evening. The following Address, written for the occasion, by a Mr. Sharpe, was delivered, with much feeling, by Mrs. West:—

When o'er the untimely grave where merit sleeps,  
Affection droops, and kindred sorrow weeps;  
When near that doom his voice was wont to cheer,  
Or claim for mimic woe the starting tear;  
Voiceless he lies, nor hears, nor heeds the sigh  
Breath'd to his fate by gen'rous sympathy;  
What best may soothe the widow'd mourner's grief?  
Whence shall the anxious mother hope relief?  
Whence, but from you—the Patrons of his fame,  
His *earliest, latest* friends—in *more than name*—  
Whose smiles e'en now a genial influence shed—  
(So shews the flow'et from the grave's low bed)—  
Hope to the *living*, honour to the *dead*.

How often, here, the plausible hand and eye  
Have hail'd the mingled grace and energy  
That mark'd his efforts in the injur'd *Thane*—  
The *Red-Rose-Chief*—the melancholy *Dane*—  
The *Mantuan Lover*—*Edgar*, too—but hold—  
Pardon *Cordelia's* tears—'Poor Tom's a' cold.'  
Yes! he is gone—but shall his memory fade  
From the 'mind's eye,' as flits the rapid shade  
Of the light cloud on Summer's gale that flies?  
And shall his tomb but tell us—'Here he lies?'  
No—let his virtues and his fame survive—  
In the remembrance of your bounties live.

Thus, in day's beam, the liquid amber shines,  
So gilds, and so preserves, the object it enshrines.

Who most his merits and his loss shall know  
In her chill'd heart, yet feels the grateful glow  
To You, ye fair, whom rank and beauty crown,  
And Charity bath 'mark'd you for her own'—  
Whose gentle bosoms throb for others' woe,  
Whose smile endears the largess you bestow:—  
To You, whose wealth and power, and manly sense,  
Court the mild lustre of Beneficence:—  
To All, her heartfelt thanks she bids me pay,  
Whose bounteous hands have smooth'd life's rugged way—  
From her pale brow effac'd the lines of care,  
And bid fair Comfort smile, so late where gloom'd Despair.  
So, when the iron grasp of Fate may tear  
Forth from your arms and heart what most is dear,  
Hopeless from earth you raise your eyes to Heaven,  
Yourselves may prove the solace you have given.

On Wednesday night, *Romeo and Juliet* was played; Juliet, by Mrs. West; Romeo, by Mr. Cooper, a gentleman from Liverpool—his first appearance; Mercutio, by Mr. Elliston; and, with the exception of Friar Lawrence and Benvolio, these are the only characters among the numerous dramatis personæ that can be at all spoken of in commendation; the injudicious dress and manner of the apothecary materially counteracted the interest of the scene in which he appeared. Mrs. West's Juliet is an admirable performance, and but for two or three unnecessarily violent bursts of expression would be every thing that could be wished. Mr. Elliston's Mercutio is a masterpiece. The principal object of the evening being to introduce Mr. Cooper to a London audience, our further observations shall be confined to him. Mr. Cooper is rather above the middle size, his figure well proportioned, and his countenance and age well suited to personify the youthful and doating Romeo; his voice is full and clear, but perhaps not sufficiently soft to harmonize with every one's idea of the requisites to form a perfect Romeo; his attitudes and his behaviour are elegant, striking, and unexceptionable; possessing these essential requisites for the higher walks of the drama, and, notwithstanding the

embarrassments ever attendant upon a first appearance, this gentleman elicited powers that obtained him the anacommiums and plaudits of every spectator. His sudden transition from forbearance to vengeful ire, in the scene where he kills Tybalt, and his expression of the horrors of banishment in the scene with the friar, were fine specimens of his powers; and the whole of the tomb scene was admirably represented, particularly where he falls to rise no more, and draws Juliet with him to the earth. Indeed, his entire action was peculiarly graceful and appropriate throughout, and loud and reiterated plaudits invariably attended every scene in which Mr. Cooper or Mrs. West appeared. A more successful debut we never witnessed, and the tragedy was announced for repetition amidst the acclamations of a numerous audience.

COVENT GARDEN.—The tragedy of *The Revenge* was performed at this house on Monday night, when Mr. Macready appeared, for the first time, in the character of Zanga, and with much less success than we had anticipated; for we did not think that, in the whole range of the drama, a part more suited to his talents could have been selected. It was a very unequal performance; he was by turns too vehement and too languid. In some scenes, which did not give much scope for striking effect, there was an evident want of effort to animate them or to add to their interest. Some parts of Mr. Macready's performance were entitled to much praise: his effort to arouse Alonzo, when he exclaims to him—

'A wife, a bride, a mistress unenjoyed—do that,  
And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory!'

was given in the rapid pressing manner so well suited to that powerful couplet. The celebrated passage of 'know, then, 'twas I,' in the delivery of which some performers have electrified their audiences, was given with a vehemence which deprived it of all its effect. But in the lines—

'Crown me, shadow me with laurels,  
Ye spirits who delight in just revenge!  
Let Europe and her pallid sons go weep,—  
Let Africa and her hundred thrones rejoice;  
Oh! my dear countrymen,' &c.

he was eminently successful, particularly in his delivery of the words, 'Oh, my dear countrymen!' In the whole of this speech, he gave the varied expression of pathos, elevation of mind, and the derision over a fallen foe, of a great spirit, depressed by insult, and just restored to its natural level by revenge. Mr. C. Kemble raised the insignificant character of Alonzo to a rank it never before held. Mr. Connor played Carlos in a feeling and judicious manner; and Miss Foote made an interesting Leonora.

EAST LONDON THEATRE.—The spirit with which this establishment is conducted promises a fruitful harvest to the proprietors. Each evening produces a succession of good standard pieces,—among them, *Guy Mannering*, *Rob Roy*, and other musical pieces, to which the talents of the dramatic corps are very competent. The fascinating Miss Copeland and Mr. Payne, from the Surrey, have lately given additional strength to the company.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This little theatre, under the judicious management of Mr. Wrench, assisted by Oxberry and other favourite performers, is very respectably attended. The favourite Burletta entitled *Rochester*, gives ample scope for the facetious talents of these two gentlemen; and the performance, in general, is conducted with much taste and spirit.



## Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

*Arctic Expedition.*—Lieut. Frankland and his companions were left all well on the 30th June last, 700 miles up the country, from Hudson's Bay. By the beginning of September, they would, no doubt, arrive at the Copper-Mine River.

*North-west Expedition.*—Accounts were received at the Admiralty, on Thursday morning, of the safety of the Hecla and Griper, discovery ships, under the command of Lieut. Parry. It appears that they proceeded up Lancaster Sound, went directly over the spot where Captain Ross stated the land to prevent his advancing any farther, and passed opposite to the Copper-mine River of Hearne, in lat. 75, long. 115, where they wintered. By this, Lieut. Parry and his companions are entitled to the reward granted by act of parliament, for having penetrated that distance. The despatches from Lieut. Parry are not yet received, but the arrival of the ships may be daily expected. They were last spoken with by the Ellison, whaler, in lat. 88, long. 69, all well.

The author of *Waverley* has announced a new romance, under the title of '*Kenilworth*.'

*British Silver.*—On Tuesday, the 10th of October, a block of silver, of the value of 1500*l.* was smelted at Wheal Rose Mine, in Newlyn, the sole property of Sir C. Hawkins, Bart.

*Fruit Trees.*—It has long been believed, that leaves of the elder-tree, put into the subterraneous paths of moles, drive them away; but it is not so generally known, that if fruit-trees, flowering shrubs, corn, or vegetables, be wiped with the green leaves of the elder branches, insects will not attach to them. An infusion of elder leaves in water, is good for sprinkling over rose-buds, and flowers subject to blights and the devastation of caterpillars.

If pieces of woollen rags be placed in currant-bushes or other shrubs, &c. it is found that the caterpillars uniformly take shelter under them in the night. By this means, thousands of these leaf-devouring insects may be destroyed every morning, by removing these traps, with their tenants, at an early hour, and replacing the rags for the destruction of others.

Horse-dung, clay, sand, and pitch-tar, form a composition, which, when applied to the trunks and stems of fruit-trees, after they are properly cleaned, prevents that spontaneous exudation called gumming, which is very injurious to the growth of trees.

Mr. Knight is of opinion, founded on actual experiment, that oak timber would be much improved, if the tree, after being barked in the spring, was permitted to stand till the following winter.

*To restore the White in Paintings.*—M. Thenard has applied his oxygenated water with great effect for this purpose. The whites are often rendered brown, or even black, where paintings are acted on by sulphurous vapours, especially by sulphurized hydrogen, which is very abundant in some situations. Recollecting that the oxygenated water converted black sulphuret of lead into a white sulphate, he furnished an artist, who wished to restore a design of Raphael's, with some of it. By applying it with a pencil, the spots were instantly removed.

## The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

*Curious Notices.*—In the Street Transnonain, at Paris, is the following notice: 'D. —, Professor of Declamation and House Painter, teaches Tragedy and white-washes ceilings.'

A whimsical inhabitant of Portsoken Ward, has lately much attracted the attention of the passengers, by the following curious N. B.: 'Wanted a lodger, who will have no objection to go to bed every night at ten o'clock, till things are quiet.'

One has heard of Socrates, and other philosophers, who bore the ills of life with great patience; but few in this re-

spect ever excelled Mr. —, a phlegmatic Englishman. His acquaintances said nothing could put him out of temper; but the following proves it was possible to ruffle him. While shaving one day, his servant ran into the room with looks of horror,---'Oh! Sir, Sir.'---'What is the matter?'---'Oh, my God! the nurse has overlaid and killed the poor baby!' (his only child.) Mr. — wiped and laid down his razor, exclaiming, 'I believe the devil is in that woman! she is always doing some mischief or other.'

*Sheridan and Wilberforce.*—Mr. Sheridan, in one of his speeches, expressed a regard for the morals of gentlemen who gave their support to the minister. Mr. Wilberforce was induced to consider this remark as intended for himself, on which he solemnly rose to assure Mr. Sheridan that he did not thank him for his proffered service, as he wished his morals to be left to shift for themselves, without having the honour of his countenance.

*Inns.*—The following lines from Shenstone, are often scribbled on the windows of inns:—

'Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
Must sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome at an inn.'

The following parody is written beneath the above lines, at an inn in the west:—

'Whoe'er has travell'd much about,  
Must very often sigh to think,  
That every inn will turn you out,  
Unless you've plenty of the chink.'

The contrast between the manners of antiquity and those of modern times, in this respect, is by no means in favour of the latter. The ancients had about them more dignified generosity.

## CURTIS ON SURDITAS.

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## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A second Critique on the Dulwich Gallery; Sketches of Life and Character, by her present Majesty, No. IV.; and the 'Dream' are unavoidably deferred to next week.

The length of the poem alluded to by W. P. would, we fear, be an insuperable objection.

The Rev. James Holme, author of 'Vulpina,' is informed that his wretched production will be returned to him, if he applies to our publisher with more civility than he writes. His letter and his poem are equally contemptible.

In answer to J. L.'s suggestion, that were we 'to use a finer paper, at an advanced price,—as fine a paper as that which we use for our stamped edition,—it would prove ultimately to our advantage:' we observe, that it is our intention to commence the next volume with a paper of that quality, but without any increase of price; the desire of preserving the uniformity of the volume forbids a more immediate change.

Errata: p. 697, col. 1, l. 45, for terms read termes, and for un, une; and in l. 49, after depuis insert l'époque; p. 701, l. 4, for Tower-ditch read Town-ditch.

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